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THE STORY TELLER.

From Chamber's Miscellany.

Story of Catherine of Russia.

The day had closed, and the snow fell heavily, as the pastor Skovronski, returning from a visit to his sister, who lived a short distance from Marienburg, reached the skirt of the wood surrounding the town of that name. The cries of a child attracting his attention, he stopped his horse; but the noise of the wind rushing through the trees could alone be heard, and he proceeded on his way, believing that he must have been mistaken. Suddenly the horse stood still, and no urging or soothing on the part of the pastor could induce him to proceed. Supposing it was some obstacle hidden by the darkness of the night, he dismounted, and tried to force the animal forward: but his efforts were unavailing. He then perceived a slight elevation in the snow at the horse's feet, and, stooping down, found it to be a half frozen child wrapped in linen.—Taking it in his arms, he found that it was still alive. This accounted for the cries which he had just heard. He anxiously endeavored, despite the darkness of the night, to discover those who, from misery or other causes, had thus abandoned their offspring in a desert place, covered with snow; but neither seeing nor hearing any one, the venerable pastor exclaimed in a loud voice, 'If you who have deserted this child can now hear me, go in peace. In the name of the Great Being whom I serve, I promise that henceforth this child shall be my care.'

Remounting his horse, with the child wrapped in his cloak before him, he quickened his pace, and soon arrived at his humble dwelling, though much later than usual.

'Mercy on me, Monsieur Skovronski, what could delay you until this hour?' said an old woman, as she advanced to hold the bridle while he alighted. 'I have been imagining all kinds of misfortunes—that your sister Alexina was ill, that Biaska had fallen lame, or that you had been attacked by the Cossacks.'

'Take this infant, Frederika,' said the pastor, interrupting the old servant, and placing the child in her arms.

Surprise rendered her mute for an instant; but, like a torrent which has overflowed its banks, her words soon found utterance, as she exclaimed with volubility, 'An infant, monsieur—an infant! And where have you found it? What are we to do with an infant in this place?—Who is to take care of it? Who is to nurse it?'

'You, Frederika,' quaintly replied the old man as he followed her into the house.

'What a beautiful little girl, monsieur! It can scarcely be a year old. See, as she opens her large black eyes, with what astonishment she looks around her.'

The old pastor smiled, and placing some more logs on the hearth, and looking after the comfort of his little charge, he commenced his frugal supper, during which he recounted to the old woman the manner in which he had discovered the infant.

'How strange, monsieur, that Biaska should have refused to advance, is it not?'

'Horses have a noble instinct,' replied the pastor; 'they may throw down a man or a child while running, but will never pass over a body, dead or alive, lying in their path.

'And when you called out to know if any one was at hand, did you see anybody?'

'No one.'

'Even her dress tells nothing. It is fine, but bears no marks by which she might be known. What shall we call her, monsieur?'

'Give me the calendar, Frederika. This is St. Catherine's day, the 25th of November.—We shall call her Catherine.'

The old woman retired with the child, and soon after the venerable pastor sought his pillow, and enjoyed the sleep of a man conscious of having performed his duty.

Early the next morning, it was known to all in Marienburg that their pastor had found a child in the snow, and that he had adopted it. The previous night a peasant, living in a cottage at the edge of the wood, had been awoke by the noise of a heavy body falling against the door, but the fearful and stupid man did not go to see what it was. On getting up the next morning, he found a soldier dead outside his threshhold. The pastor, hoping to discover some clue as to the history of his protege, visited the cabin where the soldier lay, but could gain no information concerning him; and the only document which was found about his person was part of a letter, in which some vague allusion was made to 'the children.' The conjecture of the worthy Skovronski was, that the soldier had been overcome by the severity of the cold, and must have laid the child down, hoping, by some violent exercise, to warm his freezing limbs. But under that inclement sky death comes on the snow-storm, and will not be called with. The pastor gave orders for the decent interment of the stranger, and carefully preserved the fragment of the letter, unsatisfactory though it was, and breaking off just where the words 'children, dear children,' occurred.—He hoped that, slight as the clue was, it might help at some future time to identify the child.—From that time forward, however, he treated her with the kindness and affection of a parent; and so endeared to him did the little Catherine become, by her docility and sweet temper, that perhaps, as years passed on, he ceased to regret that the inquiries he made, whenever opportunity offered, failed to draw forth any information as to who the dead soldier could have been, or who his helpless charge. Nor is there much wonder at this, for war was ravaging the country, and the circumstance of an obscure individual of the army being missing, when hundreds and thousands were dying around them, was one little likely to attract attention.

Years passed away, and Catherine, grown a tall, beautiful girl, assisted Frederika in the management of the household affairs. At night she always sang cheerful songs for her adopted father with a very sweet voice; and nothing was found to disturb the smoothness of her happy disposition, unless indeed we except two or three occasions on which her father—so she always called him—was visited by attacks of illness which seemed to threaten his life. Then, indeed, her young heart was rent with sorrow. It was on these trying occasions that, prompted by her deep affection, and perhaps instructed by the experienced Frederika, she acquired a skill as a nurse which was surprising in a mere child—a skill which, under the influence of another strong affection and a remarkable destiny, proved in after years of singular account. Strange it is to think of, and yet most true, that there is not an action of our lives which is unimportant, or may not in its consequences influence our future!

One day, when Catherine was about thirteen years of age, the old pastor appeared restless after reading some letters which had been brought that morning; and calling Catherine, he said, 'My dear child, my sister Alexina is old. She is often ill, and I should wish to have you near her for a short time.'

'If such is your wish, my father, I shall go. I love your sister, for she is yours; but I confess I should prefer remaining with you.'

'You shall return in a few days, Catherine, when I shall go for you myself—myself Catherine—understand me, only myself.'

'Be it so, my benefactor;' and, with the natural gaiety of youth, she hastened to prepare for her departure.

The pastor accompanied her until they arrived at the place where, as an infant, he had found her. It was summer, and the green grass had replaced the snow which at that time covered the ground. Catherine knelt.

'Give me your blessing here, father,' said she in a voice of emotion. 'It was here that, thirteen years ago, you first heard my feeble cries. God hears this day the prayers I offer for your happiness, and will listen to me as you then listened, and repay you for all that you have since done for me, and prolong your days to give happiness to all those that surround you.'

The old man's agitation was extreme, as, laying his trembling hand on the beautiful girl's head, he exclaimed, 'Go in peace, my daughter. God is our master, and we must submit to whatever he wills. We cannot foresee in what manner He thinks right to dispose of his creatures. Whatever may happen, be assured that my sister will continue my work of charity and love.—Go; and if Heaven wills that we shall not meet again, remember the last words of your poor old pastor, who, knowing his intellect inadequate to the training of thine, was content to model thy heart after his own. Be always good and obedient—be submissive, Catherine; and in whatever position it may be your fortune to be placed, always remember that thou once wert but a poor deserted infant, who in a few hours must have perished, had not God sent one of his humble servants to your assistance. Rise, my daughter; go in peace; always act rightly, speak truth, and do your duty, happen what may.'

Raising the young girl from her knees, he kissed her forehead, and they separated.

'Catherine! Catherine! why do you remain at the door instead of assisting me in laying by these clothes, or spinning the rest of the flax? Do you think that my brother has sent you to me to do nothing but fold your arms and amuse yourself? Do you hear me, Catherine?'

The person who spoke was the old pastor's aged sister, who resided a few miles from Marienburg, in Livonia. The usually joyous countenance of the young girl whom she addressed, bespoke intense anxiety.

'Oh, Madame Alexina, do you not hear the roaring of the cannon?' asked she, still remaining at the door.

'It is perhaps thunder, or some public rejoicing, Catherine. What day of the month is this?'

'The 29th of August 1702, Madame Alexina.'

'No, it is not the king's birth-day. Are you sure that it was cannon, Catherine?'

'Yesterday morning,' said Catherine, half speaking to herself, and as if trying to recall something to memory, 'the pastor Skovronski, after his usual visits to his friends, called me to his side. He had an air of anxiety and trouble. 'My child,' said he, 'we are at length going to part. My sister is in need of you. You will not leave her until I go for you myself—myself, Catherine.' I was struck by his repeating *myself*, and not answering him, he continued, 'God is our master.' When anything weighed on his mind, that was his expression. And then he made me depart so quickly too, without allowing me to speak to any one. And he appeared so agitated when he placed his hands on my head to bless me. Oh, I have seen him for the last time! Child that I am, to have left him.—Again the cannon—again!'

Carried away by her feelings, she wept unrestrainedly.

'Mercy on me! weeping! You, too, who are ever laughing,' cried the old lady with surprise. 'Do you weep because my brother appeared a little agitated, and his hand trembled? It was because he loves you, and looks upon you as a daughter.'

'But why did he send me to you?'

'I am old—I am in need of you.'

'He is also old; he, too, is in need of me.'

'You love my brother better than you love me, Catherine. That is wrong,' said the old Livonian in a half-reproachful voice. 'That is wrong,' she repeated.

'Pardon me, madame, but it is true,' replied Catherine innocently, 'and is it not right and natural? He who saved me, when an infant, from being frozen to death, and ever since has been to me as a father. Oh, I love the pastor of Marienburg as I would have loved my own father, if God had been pleased that I should have known one—as I would have loved a mother. I would freely give my life to save his.—But do you not again hear the cannon?'

At this moment a horse stopped at the door of the cottage, and a young man, travel-stained, hastily dismounted. 'The Russians are at Marienburg!' exclaimed he, rushing into the apartment. 'I have escaped with difficulty to bring this letter from your brother, who has given his horse to expedite me.'

'What of the pastor Skovronski?' asked Catherine hurriedly.

'Oh, how happy you ought to be, mademoiselle,' said the messenger, 'to have neither father, nor mother, nor family.'

'You think so, Paul?' replied Catherine with a look of scorn which she did not attempt to conceal.

'Yes, mademoiselle; for you are not obliged to break your heart by leaving them.'

'And wherefore do you leave them?'

'They besought me on their knees to do so, and now I tremble for them.'

'Persons do not tremble for those whom they may defend,' replied Catherine. 'But tell me what has occurred at Marienburg?'

'Why, mademoiselle, do you not hear the cannon? General Scheremetief, with his army, is bombarding Marienburg. Oh, it is a cruel sight to behold!'

'My benefactor, my father!' cried Catherine sobbing.

'Thy benefactor, thy father,' said Madame Alexina, having finished the perusal of the letter, 'conjures thee by all that is sacred, not to leave me. He thinks it his duty to remain with those intrusted to his care, and asks for our prayers for his safety; and if God wills that his life should be the sacrifice, he leaves thee all he possesses.'

'Madame Alexina,' said Catherine, taking her hand and raising it to her lips respectfully, 'you have a heart—you are good, and you will understand me. I return to Marienburg! In this I must be disobedient.'

'But have you not heard what Paul has said—that the Russians are already in the town,' replied Alexina, endeavoring to hold her hand.

'I'll go to find my benefactor.'

'But by this time, mademoiselle,' observed Paul, 'all the inhabitants are either dead or taken prisoners.'

'I shall then die with them, or be a prisoner,' cried Catherine, raising her head, and speaking in a tone of determination. Slipping her hand from that of the old Livonian, she suddenly sprang on the horse which Paul had left at the door, and before either he or the old lady could recover from their surprise, she had disappeared.

The evening was closing as a horse covered with foam, reached the border of the wood lying nearest to the gates of Marienburg. At the moment it emerged from the shade of the trees, a man suddenly seized the bridle.

'Where are you going?' demanded he of the rider in a peremptory tone.

'What is that to you?' was the reply in an equally peremptory voice.

Astonished by this boldness, the stranger's arm was raised to inflict summary punishment; but on perceiving that it was a girl who spoke, he desisted, and repeated, though in a milder tone, "Where are you going?"

'What is that to you?' again repeated the young girl. 'I am in haste, and I pray you to let me pass.'

'You of course are not aware, then, that the town is in the hands of the Russians?' said the man, still retaining the bridle.

'Well, what then?' interrupted Catherine, for it was she indeed who spoke.

'That all the inhabitants are prisoners, and if you pursue your route, you also will be taken.'

'Thank you for your advice; but know, in your turn, monsieur, that he whom I look up to as a father, is in the town, and I am determined to share his fate, whatever it may be."

'But if he is a prisoner?'

'I will be a prisoner too.'

'But if he is dead?'

This supposition rendered Catherine mute; but recovering her courage and self-possession, she said with sweetness, 'I have told you, monsieur, that I should like to share his fate.

'Go, then, and God preserve you,' answered the man, letting go the bridle of the horse, which started off at once at full gallop.

She had not gone many paces when a loud 'Who goes there?' was heard, and Catherine not answering, a ball whistled by her so close as to tear the sleeve of her dress. She immediately drew up the horse.

'Well, when I reply to you, "Tis I," will you be much the wiser?' cried she.

She was immediately surrounded by a number of rough and hard-favoured-looking men.

'Dismount, my pretty girl, and follow us,' said one who, from the tone he assumed, appeared to be their officer.

But Catherine, perceiving amongst the men him whom she had met at the border of the forest, and whom she immediately recognized by his noble and majestic bearing, contrasting so favorably with the rude men by whom he was surrounded, said, 'Monsieur, I pray you to speak to these men to let me go: you know that I am but a poor child, incapable of doing harm.'

'I have told you what would happen if you pursued your route,' replied the young unknown: then turning to the Cossack officer, he added, 'Do your duty!'

'Your name?' asked the soldier of the young girl.

'Catherine,' replied she quickly. 'I am the adopted child of the pastor Skovronski. I left him yesterday morning by his wish—I return to-day by my own. Let me pass, I pray you.'

The officer exchanged a glance with the stranger to whom she had first appealed, and then replied, 'Thou art a Livonian. Livonia belongs this day to our czar, Peter I. of Russia—you are therefore a prisoner. Come, dismount, if you do not wish me to assist you, and follow us to prison.'

'Touch me not!' said Catherine, her beautiful dark eyes flashing with a look beyond her years. Leaping from her horse, she added, 'I did not return to Marienburg, solely to be made a prisoner, but to find my adopted father. Conduct me then to him—in his house—in a dungeon—no matter where, so that I may be with him.'

'It is not for prisoners to dictate their orders,' replied the officer, amused by the boldness of the young girl.

Catherine reflected a moment, and then asked, 'Who is your chief—your general?'

'General Scheremetief,' said the stranger, advancing, having hitherto kept aloof, though listening with attention to the altercation between Catherine and the Cossack officer.

'I wish, then, to speak to the general.'

Receiving a sign from the unknown, the Cossack ordered her to follow him, and marched in the direction of the town. As Catherine stopped at the gates while the officer was making inquiries as to where the general was to be found, an old woman perceiving her, uttered a cry of despair.

'Oh, my dear child, you will see your protector no more! My poor master!' said she sobbing; 'he is dead on the field of battle. I saw him fall, struck by a Russian bullet, at the moment he was binding up the wounds of a poor Livonian. He is dead—my poor master!'

Catherine, pale and trembling, asked, 'What do you say, Frederika.

'Truth, my dear child, truth!—as will be found on looking for him among the dead.'

'And have you, then, left him there without help—without prayers?' asked Catherine quickly.

'What could we do, mademoiselle? The bullets whistled about our ears, killing all they reached.'

The Cossack officer said the general was near them, and bade her follow him. She rather went before than came after him. On entering the tent, the first person she saw was the young unknown; but without taking further notice of him, seeing that he was not the chief, she threw herself at the feet of the great general whose name had been echoed far and near.

'A grace, general! for pity's sake, a grace!' said she, raising her hands in the attitude of supplication.

'What does the child want?' demanded the general, turning to the officer who had conducted her to his presence.

'She requests to speak to you, general.'

'It is true,' replied Catherine. 'I believed my protector—my father—to be a prisoner; but I have since learned that he is among the dead. The favor I ask is, to be allowed to seek for his body, that it may be buried in the manner it deserves. Oh, if you had known how good he was—the poor pastor Skovronski!'

The tone of the voice was so peculiar, and her countenance so commanding, yet so ingenuous, that the general, moved at the sight of her youth and courage, said, 'The camp is situated outside the walls; if I grant your request, what guarantee shall I have that you will not try to escape?'

'My word!' replied Catherine, innocently.

'Go, then,' said the general, beckoning her to rise; but remember that you belong to me when you return.'

The first person Catherine encountered on leaving the tent was old Frederika, the pastor's servant. 'Come,' said she, taking her hand; 'come, show me the place where you saw him fall.'

'Think not of such a thing, Catherine. Would you go among the dead at this hour?'

'Remain, Frederika, if you have any fear.—I shall go alone; he may be yet alive.'

'Let us go then,' said the old woman; 'it shall not be said that a child had more humanity than I had.'

The night was dark, and it was with difficulty they could see their way. When they got outside the town, they came upon a field covered with the bodies of men and horses, while the cries that arose told that many were still alive. The young girl was seized with horror, and stopped. 'Oh, my God, guide me!' she exclaimed, and again advanced. Suddenly she heard footsteps following. 'Who are you?' she cried, turning to some persons whom the darkness prevented her from distinguishing, adding, 'You are, no doubt, like us, an unfortunate.—You seek perhaps some friend—a brother. I seek my father, and perhaps he is dead! Oh! why have I come without a light, as if I could distinguish my benefactor in this terrible darkness. Heaven guide me!'

'Wait for me; I shall soon return,' said the person who had followed them.

He soon appeared, carrying a lantern, and Catherine recognized the stranger whom she had first met in the wood. The light discovered to the young girl the earth covered with the dead and dying; but, overcoming her repugnance to such a scene, she diligently pursued her search, Frederika being unable to recollect the spot where she had seen her master fall. The stranger followed in silence. Each moment the agitation of the young girl increased, and the sickening sights around her, joined to the fruitless search, overcame her fortitude, and sinking on the ground, she covered her face with her hands, and wept violently.

'Catherine,' said the unknown, 'you have undertaken a task too much for your age and strength: leave the search to me, and at day break, when the dead are separated from the wounded, I shall myself seek him with the assistance of some of the inhabitants of the town, who will be able to recognise their pastor, and perhaps he may not be amongst the dead.'

'What I have commenced I shall finish,' said Catherine; but you, monsieur, whom do you seek?'

'Hear me, Catherine,' replied the stranger.—'I am but a soldier, and perhaps may have the courage of a soldier; but, on my word, yours astonishes me. You are not formed to be a slave, though a general may be your master. You are now beyond the camp; no person has seen you. Fly! If you want money here it is.'

'Tis Heaven that has sent you,' exclaimed the old woman, taking the purse from his hand. 'Catherine, do not refuse such goodness: let us fly.'

'Fly? when I have given my word not to do so. Do you consider that a nothing monsieur?' said the girl with surprise.

'No—when given by a man,' replied the soldier. 'But it is of little consequence when broken by such as you—a girl without name, without birth. Think well of what you must endure if you return; the hopes of your youth changed into misery, and you yourself become a slave.—I conjure you to fly.

But Catherine, firm to her purpose, replied, 'I am ignorant for what God has designed me. I am aware that I am but a child, unknown, and without name; but ought the obscurity of my birth to authorise me in doing a wrong action? If I were a princess, I should keep my promise. Perhaps I have the heart of a princess. Monsieur, I shall keep my word.' Then rising and turning to Frederika, she added, 'Come, Frederika, let us continue our search; I feel myself stronger now.'

At this moment a stifled groan was heard a short distance from where they stood. 'Hush!' whispered Catherine, listening with breathless anxiety. The groan was repeated, and, like a young fawn, she sprang to the spot whence it proceeded, and throwing herself on her knees by the side of an old man stretched on the ground, she exclaimed, 'Frederika, the light!—it is he! Quick! quick! Oh, my father, my benefactor, speak to me! It is your child, your little Catherine, who calls.'

Frederika held the light to the countenance of the old man, while Catherine, with an address and attention far beyond her years endeavored to find the wound from which the pastor was suffering. As she raised his arm to extricate him from the bodies lying around, he uttered a cry of pain, at the same time opening his eyes. 'Where am I?' asked he. Recognising Catherine and Frederika, but not knowing the young soldier, he repeated, 'Where am I?'

'With your friends,' replied Catherine, kissing his forehead; with your little Catherine. Oh rise, my father, and accompany us.'

'Here, old man, take some of this *eau de vie*,' said the soldier, placing a gourd to the lips of the pastor; 'it will strengthen you.'

The pastor obeyed; and, reanimated by the welcome draught, he endeavored to rise. Catherine having taken his arm, he again exclaimed as if in pain; adding, in a gentle voice, 'My arm is broken.'

'Oh! what shall we do? cried Catherine.

'Do not move, old man,' said the soldier; 'I shall return to Marienburg, and send two comrades to carry you to your home: I will also send a surgeon, who will set your arm to rights.—Adieu, Catherine,' added he, retiring: 'follow my advice—profit by your present liberty, and fly.'

They had not to wait long for the promised assistance. Three men advanced, carrying a litter, on which they laid the wounded pastor, and carefully conveyed him home, Catherine never leaving his side.

'It was God who inspired me,' said she: 'one would almost say that he took me by the hand, and led me to the border of the forest, that I might become a prisoner.'

'You are a prisoner, then, my poor child?' said the old man with emotion.

'Yes, my father, and what I at first looked on as a misfortune, has proved a blessing. If I had not been taken prisoner, I should not have been carried before the general, and would have missed seeing Frederika, who told me of your death; and had I not seen her, I should never have thought of seeking for you on the field of battle. Do you not think, then, that God led me by the hand to where I found you?'

Catherine ceased speaking as the litter entered the parsonage. The pastor removed to his bed, and the operation of setting his broken arm being quickly performed by the surgeon who had accompanied them, he and the two soldiers retired. After offering up a prayer, the old man sank into a slumber, and the females watched by his bedside the remainder of the night.

When day appeared, Catherine sought her own little chamber; and, having changed her dress, and fastened her long black hair in a knot under her bonnet, she descended to the room of the pastor, who had just awoke.

'My dear benefactor,' said she, kneeling by his bedside, 'bless your poor Catherine, who is obliged to leave you forever.'

'What do you say, child?' asked the old man, astonished at her words, and seeing the tears which fell from the young Livonian.

'Yesterday, my father, I was taken prisoner, and now belong to the Russian general. He permitted me to seek for you, on giving my promise that I should return.'

'Is it not foolish for her to do so, monsieur?' asked Frederika, overcome at the idea of losing her dearly-loved child. 'I am now old, and want help; and who can assist me like Catherine? Who will sing for you the songs to which you have so often listened? No, Catherine, you must not leave us for an unhappy promise given at hazard—forced from you. You know it was forced from you. If it had been given freely, I should be the first to say go.'

The pastor and Catherine listened without interruption to the old woman. Skovronski first spoke—'You have promised the general that you would return, my child?'

'Yes, my father,' answered Catherine, sobbing; 'and is it kind of Frederika to try to dissuade me from my resolution, by thus bringing to my memory all the happiness that I have enjoyed, and which I am about to lose forever?'

'Go, my child; go, my dear Catherine,' said the old man in a solemn voice; 'do your duty, and God will bless you.'

The pastor laid his hand on her head, and, as the poor girl sobbed, without having the power to rise from her knees, he added, in a tone of affection—'A promise given should never be broken, my child: the day advances—go, and may your heavenly Father watch over you.'

Catherine arose, and kissing the lips of the old man, exclaimed—'Adieu, my father! adieu, Frederika!' and left the house precipitately.

As Catherine entered the tent of the general, she was met by the young soldier who accompanied her in the previous night's search, and who started on seeing her. She had dried her tears, and, with a calm countenance, presented herself before the general, who was engaged giving audience, and listening to the prayers of the inhabitants of Marienburg.

'Is this you, little one?' said he, perceiving Catherine. 'I feared that I should not have seen you again.'

'I gave you my word,' was the brief reply of Catherine.

The general smiled. 'You are young and intelligent, and seem to be good-humored: you ought to make a good servant. Let me see how you prepare a breakfast for me.'

Catherine retired without speaking, and shortly returned to the tent, bearing a tray with the required *déjeuner*.

The general and the young unknown were the only occupants, but without remarking the familiarity which existed between him who was the leader of a great army, and one who, to judge by his dress, appeared but a simple soldier, Catherine arranged the table for the pair. 'Some wine, my child,' said the soldier, holding towards her his glass to be filled, and added, 'How old are you?'

'Thirteen years,' answered Catherine.

'With a heart of thirty! Why, general, if you had seen her last night searching amongst the dead for the body of her benefactor, pale and trembling but full of courage, you would have admired her as I did. You had then no fear of the dead, my child?'

Catherine blushed as she replied, 'I had no thought of fear; I thought but of finding my benefactor, the poor pastor Skovronski.'

'As servant to a pastor, she ought to be familiar with the dead,' said the general. 'It is not the first time you have seen them?'

'I have not seen many,' replied Catherine.

'Why should she be afraid?' said the soldier; 'if she had to seek her benefactor in the midst of guns and swords, it might be different. I should like to see her in the centre of a battle with that little resolute face of hers.'

'You have seen the effect produced on me by the bullets of your sentries,' said Catherine smiling.

'It is unquestionably true, general; she appeared to care as little for them as I should myself. This child will be a noble-hearted woman. Scheremetief, will you sell your prisoner?'

'And what will you do with her?' asked the general, studiously avoiding to give a title to his guest.

'Make her my wife, the wife of a soldier!—She is born for it! Well, what say you my child?' added he, turning to Catherine, who seemed bewildered.

'I say—I say,' replied she, hesitating, 'that my choice is not difficult; I would rather be the wife of a soldier than the slave of a general.'

'Bravo, Catherine; and from this moment you belong to me!'

'But——' said the general.

'I know what you would say, general,' hastily interrupted the stranger; 'you know I never do anything like anybody else. This young girl pleases me; she is courageous and gay, and her temper ought to be sweet and equal. We shall see if she does not prove sensible enough for a wife. It is decided: I shall make her my wife. Put down that tray, Catherine: put off your apron, and follow me Henceforward, if you serve anybody, it shall be a husband.'

The soldier rose from the table, and beckoning to Catherine to follow him, he left the tent. 'Do you know who I am, Catherine?' said he, as they walked along.

'No; but you said that you wished to be my husband.'

'Very well; but do you know my rank in the army?'

'It does not signify,' said Catherine; 'you cannot suppose that I am proud myself—a child without family, without name.'

'Just so, my little one. You are content, then, to link your destiny with mine?' said the soldier, taking the hand of the young Livonian.

'Yes,' replied Catherine, 'for you have the air of a brave man; and I like you because you have been kind to me, poor child that I am.'

'You are not sorry, then, that I am nothing but a poor soldier?'

'Too happy, provided that you permit me to follow you, and never leave you.'

The soldier stopped before a tent more elevated than the rest. 'This is the tent of the czar,' said he; 'remain where you are. It is right that I should ask his permission to marry you.'

Catherine had waited but a few minutes, when a young officer, advancing, said, 'Mademoiselle, the Czar Peter wishes to see you.'

She followed, and on entering the tent, saw a large number of officers standing, in the center of whom was seated a man of about thirty years of age, whom she immediately recognized as her late companion. 'Where, then, is the czar?' asked Catherine, turning towards the young officer.

'There!' said he, pointing to the soldier who was seated.

'There? That is my husband!'

'He is thy husband and the czar likewise, Catherine,' said the emperor of Russia, for it was he; and added, 'How astonished you appear. Does the news grieve you? Does my title prevent you from loving me?'

'I loved you as a soldier,' said she; 'I will love you as an emperor.' And Peter I., Czar of Russia, taking the hand of the young orphan, presented her to his officers as the future empress of Russia!

It will readily be believed that Catherine did not forget the pastor Skovronski. True, he must still lose the society of his dear child; but what a difference between yielding her up to be the wife of a prince, from knowing that she was the servant of the conqueror—a slave! But, alas! he was not long spared to regret her absence. He never thoroughly recovered from the wounds he had received; and his sister, and the faithful Frederika, both nearly as old as himself, soon followed him to the grave. Catherine had no one in the world to divide her affection from her husband.

After their marriage, the czar placed her in a private dwelling in the city of Moscow, where he paid her frequent visits, and often came to transact public business with his officers. It was in this modest retreat that her two children were born; Anne in 1708, and Elizabeth in 1709.—When Peter made war on the Turks in 1711, he had a wish that his wife should accompany him; and during this campaign she distinguished herself in a manner too remarkable, and too honorable to herself, for us to pass it over.

From the skill in military tactics of Peter the Great and his generals, and also from the admirable discipline of his troops, a body of eight thousand Russians had sustained the attack of a hundred and fifty thousand Turks. The loss and suffering on each side had been great, yet it could not be said that either party had gained the victory. The Russians, however, were in circumstances of peculiar distress. They were surrounded by an immense body of their foes, and thus shut out not only from every means of procuring provisions, but even from approaching the river Pruth, which was close at hand, and on which they depended for a supply of water. Thirst and starvation were more dreadful to encounter than Turkish swords; and it seemed that, after all, they would become the slaves of the Mahomedans.

All the memoirs of the time agree that the czar, divided within himself what steps to take—if he could indeed any way avoid the impending destruction for himself, his wife, and his army—retired to his tent oppressed with grief, having given positive orders that he should not be disturbed—his proud spirit naturally disliking a witness to the distraction of his mind. But notwithstanding his command, Catherine felt that, as his wife, her place was at his side, and accordingly she forced her way to him.—She found him suffering from one of those epileptic fits to which at all times he was subject, and which she had on former occasions often alleviated by her presence of mind and watchful attention. The convulsions were unusually violent, aggravated no doubt by the anguish of his mind; and probably, when Peter recovered, he felt that, under Providence, he owed his life to Catherine's resolution.

She had come, however, as a counselor; and a wife who, like her, had faced death in its most frightful shapes, and exposed herself to every danger, like the meanest soldier, had a right to

be heard. She showed admirable sense and penetration of mind, by pointing out to her husband that the enemy had themselves suffered so much, and were doubtless so impressed with the daring of the Russians, and perhaps ignorant of their desperate condition, that there was every probability they would listen to overtures for a truce. It is really surprising that no one else seemed to have thought of this project: but the instances in Catherine's life were very numerous in which she evinced great superiority of mind to those about her—a superiority which her husband seemed to have recognized when he first saw her at Marienburg, and so quickly determined to make her the sharer of his throne.

Catherine was well aware that it had been a custom for ages throughout the East, when any people applied for an audience of the sovereign, or his representative, to approach with a present. Accordingly, she mustered the few jewels she had brought with her on this military expedition, in which neither magnificence nor luxury was admitted, and to these she added two black foxes' skins, and whatever money she could collect—the latter being designed for a present to the khan, an officer under the grand vizier. She then made choice of a Russian officer on whose fidelity and intelligence she could rely, who, accompanied by two servants, carried the presents to the grand vizier, and delivered the money into the khan's own hand. The Turks agreed to the truce, and the Russians were saved. So sensible was Peter of the services rendered by his wife on this occasion, that, though naturally averse to displays of magnificence, looking upon regal shows as money idly spent, he caused her to be solemnly crowned as a commemoration of the event; and in the declaration which he issued, we find these words—'She has been of the greatest assistance to us in all our dangers, and particularly in the battle of Pruth.'

The fragment of a letter which had been found on the dead soldier when Catherine was an infant, had been carefully preserved by her; but she had long given up all expectations of discovering her kindred. A romantic incident, however, brought to light the meaning of the word 'children.' An envoy from a foreign court to Peter the Great being on his return home through Courland, put up at an inn, where he heard the voice of some person in distress, whom the people of the house were treating in an insulting manner. He heard the stranger make answer, in a tone of resentment, that they would not use him thus if he could once get speech of the czar, at whose court he had more influence than they imagined. On this the envoy had the curiosity to ask the man some questions, and from the answers he let fall, and on examination of his countenance, he thought he traced in him some resemblance to the Empress Catherine. Soon afterwards he was writing to one of his friends at St. Petersburg, and could not forbear relating the adventure. This letter by some accident reached the hands of the czar, who immediately sent an order to the governor of Riga, to endeavor to find out the person who was mentioned. The governor took such prompt measures, that he soon discovered the stranger, who proved to be the son of a Lithuanian gentleman who had been killed in the war of Poland, leaving two young children, a boy and a girl, then in the cradle.

Peter certainly spoke the truth when he said however did anything like other people; for the manner in which he sent for the stranger, whom suspected to be a relative of his wife, and wished to welcome, was to cause him to be arrested on the charge of some pretended crime, and brought as a prisoner to his court, though orders to his guards were privately given to treat him well.

On questioning him, the czar was so persuaded that he was Catherine's brother, that he called him towards him, saying, 'Come hither and kiss the hand of the empress, and embrace your sister.' It is said that Catherine fainted with surprise, and that, when she came to herself, the czar exclaimed 'This is but natural; and if your brother has merit, we will make a man of him: if he has not, we must leave him as he is.' A speech very characteristic of Peter the Great. It is to be supposed that he had some merit, since we find he was created a count, and married to a lady of quality. The adventures of his childhood and youth are not recorded: but whatever guardians he had found, must have known who he was, or he could not have conveyed to the orphan what all the world knew, Peter had married his sister. Peter the Great died in 1725, and left to Catherine the title of empress, which she sustained with dignity and ability during two years and some months, ascended on the 27th of May 1727, at the age of fifty-eight.

REMARKABLE CASE OF SCIROHUS.—We find the following some professional account of the sufferings and death of Rev. Elias H. Wells, late pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Dansville, Livingston Co., in the N. Y. Pioneer, from the pen of the Editor, D. Dewey.

"His death was caused by the growth of a singular hard and valuable tumor in the throat, which began about twenty years ago (as a gland to a neglect, I sore throat or quinsy) with a deep-seated and scarcely perceptible lump on the right side of the neck, and gradually enlarged, without occasioning particular uneasiness, until within the last two or three years, during which it enormously increased towards the throat and left side, producing a distressing and constantly increasing constriction of the larynx and trachea, (the respiratory passages) that became for the last few months a prolonged and agonizing strangulation, rendering every breath a laborious and almost convulsive struggle against suffocation, under which the strength of his robust and otherwise perfectly healthy frame was gradually worn out. About ten days since—it being evident that he must die by strangulation in a day or two if not relieved—a desperate but, in the circumstances, perfectly proper and justifiable, as well as desirable) operation was performed upon the diseased throat, by Dr. F. H. Hamilton, of Buffalo, an eminent and skilful surgeon. But the incision only revealed the utter hopelessness of the case,—and made it evident that the intended operation could not be completed by the removal of that portion of the tumor which produced the strangulation, without causing instant death. The fatal bile and excretions *thyroid gland* was the constricting body, which could not be separated without uncontrollable and immediate fatal hemorrhage.—The only remaining chance, even of a few hours of life, was to open the respiratory passage below the seat of the disease.

This was done by the operation of *Laryngotomy*, and through the artificial aperture thus formed, the sufferer obtained, for the last few days of his life, the first full and free breathing which he had known for years,—though of course from the moment of the perforation of the trachea, he entirely lost the power of speaking.

The disease has been under vigorous treatment for more than a year past, with the aid of private consultation with the most eminent physicians and surgeons in the States, without any permanent relief. It differed essentially from common *bronchocele*, ("goitre,") which is a prominent, inelastic, glandulous tumor, and was not present in the case of Mr. Wells which are so universally successful in that seldom or never fatal disease, dreaded more as a deformity than as a danger to life in general health. An instance of strangulation from genuine, common goitre, is a thing unknown. The tumor in this fatal case was not prominent or pendulous, nor sufficiently conspicuous to be noticed as a deformity.

The only relief experienced from the treatment was for a short time last August, when active mediation was followed by a considerable discharge of pus and blood from the interior of the throat,—after which, for a few days, the patient breathed with an ease and freedom which he had not known for months. This favorable turn was very transient. The first exposure to fatigue and dampness brought back the original difficulty, which from that time was wholly unyielding and steadily progressive. The gradual tightening of a hard band around the throat, pressing on the wind-pipe, would give the best idea of the distressing process by which life was extinguished.

Remarkable as was the disease, (unparalleled in the experience and reading of several of the most learned and eminent men of this city,) the deportment of the sufferer throughout, to the last, was equally so. Such calm faith—such smiling cheerfulness, in every extremity, were never equalled in the observation of the writer."

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

"The Union—it must be preserved."

PARIS, MAINE, FEBRUARY 27, 1849.

DEMOCRACY IN HARMONY WITH SOCIAL PROGRESS.

The doctrine that government should rest on property is no American doctrine, it belongs to the school of the English aristocracy. The people of the United States reject it, and contend for equal rights; we contend for EQUALITY AGAINST PRIVILEGE.

Equality against privilege: this is the broadest expression of the great purposes of Democratic reform. In advocating it, we advocate the rights and sweeten the toils of labor; we carry dignity into the workshop, we give the consciousness of independence to the cultivators of the soil. In this struggle for equality, democracy is the servant of truth; she contends for the triumph of a great moral principle; she connects herself with the highest interest of humanity. Yes, embracing heaven in her faith, mankind in her charities, and future ages in her operations, Democracy obeys the spirit of progress, and conforms herself to the manifest purposes of the Divine mind.

The induction from all modern history points to this result. It is said, that in all the catalogue used in the English navy, a red line is so interwoven, that the smallest separate shred of a shroud can be detected as belonging to the public service. So in modern history: there is not a fragment of it which does not bear witness to the increasing power of the people. The progress of democracy may be traced in the centuries as distinctly as the path of a planet towards its perihelium, and its further course is as certain as the providence of God.

Its influence has benefited every class. It has raised the merchant from dependence on feudal nobles, and spread a charm round his gold, through whatever zone they may be borne. It has been the unrequited benefactor of the money lender: and, under its benignant influences, the usury from whom but a few centuries ago loans were extorted by the terrors of agriculture, or the dungeon, or the rack, now sits secure on a summer's meadow, and feeds on newspaper flattery all the day long.

It has benefited the mechanic, and given him pretensions commensurate not with the narrow sphere of a guild, but with the vital principles of justice. It has redeemed the farmer from bondage, and put the plow in the hand of its owner. It has released woman from slavery to man's passions, and given her the dignity of man's companion and friend.

Our New England brethren come in a right line from the principles of democracy. We rejoice then to believe, with pride, that this child of Providence, the descendant of the reformers, Will Rollins of the inner spirit and her away to boundless intellectual colleges and halls. Will the men of the exchange trust her with her poverty and her cause, the events so awful? Turn to the wilderness to our country freedom's father be warned, and cheered by our cheers and our hearts; let her dwell in freedom upon our green hills, and in our sunny plains, where there are no pearls but such as the morning engenders on the grass, where the music of the waterfall shows the hum of independent industry, where God reveals himself in his visible creation to the unfailing gaze of the hardy husbandman, as he walks in glory behind the plow.

The cause which we have has the tendency to diffuse more widely the benefits of intelligence, and the consciousness of independence, with these to diminish the inequalities in the human condition, this beneficent genius of reform has found her shelter in the shades of social life, and of course her tendency is progressive. It will continue to progress because without favoring rashness or cruelty, falsehood or injustice, it relies upon truth, and truth will triumph. Truth is a bond of union; it never contradicts itself—and in union it must advance. Error is the cause of discord; for error are not only opposite to truth, but may be opposite to each other. A party held together by no other a relish one, by no common sentiment but hostility to truth, is sure to break into opposite factions, and can make little progress. Men do not agree in an absurdity or an injustice. The democracy of nations," in the United States has ever been held together by truth; it is called to action by exalted principles. In the days of WASHINGTON it established the great idea of Nationality. JEFFERSON proclaimed the capacity of the masses for self-government; MADISON secured the freedom of the seas; MONROE gave power to independence, and established a death blow at the colonial system. JACKSON was borne into office by the great idea of the power of the people, for which he was respected at home, in Sumatra, and at the Tuileries; and *to-day* the democracy contends for the application of that power to social progress, for EQUALITY AGAINST PRIVILEGE, *extending* over the whole of the American Continent. Who will say that Democracy is not in harmony with progress.

PARTICULAR INTERESTS.

We frequently hear, and see, a great deal said about the banking interests, the rail road interests, the manufacturing interests, &c., and these various interests rally around them their different adherents, for the control of the government. But it is time THE PEOPLE should step, query, and reflect. It is time they inquire if we have no interests to sustain but pecuniary ones—none but those valued in dollars and cents. Have we no constitution? Have we no republican institutions? Have we no liberties and privileges? Have we nothing to sustain and defend, separate from certain pecuniary interests, which the absolute predominance of either, or all of these, may prostrate and destroy. It was for none of these, it was not for all of these, that our fathers shed their blood. It was for the establishment of a government of equal rights. This they have handed down to us as a sacred legacy. This should be sacredly preserved, let it conflict with whatever other interests it may. This is the common interest of all. It is not the personal interest of any one. Let the people well beware, lest in sustaining the pecuniary interest of any set of men, they lose sight of that most invaluable one which should concern all, and permit it to be lost to us, and to posterity. This would be a sacrifice too great by far to be offered at the shrine of wealth. Let not *particular* interests, but *general* interests, the *true interests of all be consulted.*

Power cannot be measured by the amount of wealth, or by the number of people, but by the distribution of the property belonging to a people, and the proportionate, concentrated and united efforts of such people. And general knowledge of their true interests, can, alone, induce them to so arrange their common affairs as to enable them to concentrate their efforts. Monopolizing schemes, therefore, which prevent the general diffusion of this knowledge, destroy power. "Knowledge is power," yet, it cannot, separate from the means of exerting an influence, avail anything. So be that monopolizes wealth, and lives in idleness, is rendered effeminate and powerless by extravagance and luxury; while he who toils for his promotion in such a state of vassalage, as to render him unable to obtain this knowledge, and without this, mere physical force is useless.

SELF MADE MEN.

You may take the whole population of this State, and select from it the fifty men who are most distinguished for talents, or any description of public usefulness, and we will answer for it, they are all, every one of them, men who began without a dollar. Look into the public councils of the nation, and who are they that fill the lead there? They are men who made their own fortunes—self-made men, who began with nothing. The rule is universal. It pervades our Courts, State and Federal, from the highest to the lowest. It is true of all the professions. It is now, it has been and always must be so. We have not, we never have had the publications of this State or nation, and it will be so while our present institutions continue. You must throw a man upon his own resources to bring him out. The struggle which is to result in his subsistence and success must be one of long continuance, and manhood will unfold, or will be a matter of time and doubt. He who has nothing to look to but himself, and finds every other prop fail him, and finally retire from the competition. It is upon such that the world depends for its supply of men of energy. A large fortune may be the ruin of a good number, destroy energy, character and make a burden instead of a blessing to the possessor.

The Abolition of capital laws is the leading cause of all human calamities the world over. Let capital crimes and public executions be abolished, and the world will soon become a paradise. Let the murderer be hung by the neck till he is dead, dead, dead, and there will be no murders committed

Correspondence of the Boston Courier.

PARIS, Jan. 24, 1849.

I should perhaps say little of political matters, for of them the papers will tell you. But be advised—*never believe an English publication in regard to anything French.* The two nations do not know each other, and could not speak truth of one another if they would. Beside John Bull is horribly frightened about his own government; and if affairs should go well in France, he fears republicanism might become epidemic on his side of the Channel. Therefore everything is to be represented in the worst possible light, so as to disgust the people of the three kingdoms with revolutions.

In pursuance of this system—from the beginning of the late outbreak at Paris, on Feb. 22, 1849—the London press has been filled with French revolutionary horrors. The leading papers have agents here, whose vocation is to pick up incidents and facts, and give them a diabolical squint, and append prophecies of wars, famine, pestilence, revolution, riot, and ruin to come, and send them, day by day, or week by week, to be published. This answers two good purposes: it makes the people of England hug their darling British constitution, and thank God that they are the happiest and freest in the world—at the same time these mares' nests in papers sell like hot cakes.

We all know the London press is not to be trusted in regard to the United States. I cannot but wonder then, when I see our people pinning their faith upon the malignant lucubrations of the London Times, or the false drivel of the Chronicle, about French politics. Just go back for the last ten months, and look at their prophecies—the jeremaid in regard to France. National bankruptcy, European war civil war, universal throat-cutting, universal starvation, an utter overturning of the entire social fabric, have been the staple of these predictions.

And now look back a moment and what is the spectacle? A nation of thirty-five millions of people, whose government was suddenly destroyed as by an earthquake—and who for three months without any effective government—have, by universal sufferage elected a constitution; under that constitution seven millions of free people have voted; they have elected their chief magistrates; these have been installed in their offices, and the whole machinery of government (a republic succeeding to a monarchy) has been put in operation. All this has been done in about nine months, with but a single outbreak.—Our constitution was the work of twelve anxious years and even thus, with Washington at its head, we had two rebellions, with armies in the field, before it was established. Why ought we not then hope for France?

Besides, look at facts. In Paris after the revolution—for three weeks—there was no government, none. The provisional government was a shadow. The people, the masses, all had arms in their hands. Yet order resigned every where. There was excitement, but no outrage. The time passed on. A base king was dethroned; a treacherous dynasty was crushed; faithless ministers were scattered; a corrupt peerage annihilated. Driven to desperation, and led on by political jugglers of various creeds, harmonizing only in a wish for convulsions and destruction, a mass of the people rose in rebellion. Four thousand, and no more were killed, though the British press tells you twenty thousand! But during all this, and the whole process of settling up the accounts with a condemned monarchy, and erecting a republic, not a single drop of blood has been shed, not a life has been sacrificed by an act of government.

And still further. Despite commercial shocks necessarily resulting from the downfall of a throne, and there has been, at no time, so much suffering among the people of France, as at all time exists in the three kingdoms of Great Britain.

Now take these undeniable truths, and what a refutation of the pretended facts and lying professions of the British press, in regard to recent affairs in France, do they afford! I say, then, trust it not. I do not affirm or prophesy that Louis Napoleon's course will run smooth; but this certainly may be said, that the history of the late revolution affords strong hope of the final success of the French nation in the cause of free government, and entitle them to the sympathy, good wishes and hopeful confidence of every true republican.

I must draw my letter to a close. Louis Napoleon is popular, but he has great difficulties to contend with, from want of patriotism and integrity on the part of public men. Louis Philippe had corrupted and debauched the whole generation of French politicians, by his system of buying and selling. The people show some affecting testimonies of their confidence in Louis Napoleon, and give a clue to the motives of thousands who voted for him. Since his election he has received 140,000 letters, praying for relief in various ways. Five thousand contain duplicates on the Mont de Piete, begging him to redeem their pawned bedding, blankets, and other necessaries of life!

MEXICAN LINE OF STAGES. An American line of stages is about to be established, to run between Vera Cruz on the Gulf of Mexico, and Mazatlan on the Pacific. Lines of steam packets on both sides of the continent are to be connected with this land route, so that the passage from the United States to California may be made in a much shorter time than by the Charges and Panama route. Eight of the stages are now building in New York.

A LUCIFEE. One of these animals, otherwise called *loup cervier*, or lynx, was killed last week in Waterford Vt. He was discovered by a dog in the woods, driven up a tree, and shot. He measured five feet and a half from the tip of the nose to the hind foot. These animals are now rare in Vermont, though formerly they frequented the woods of that State in considerable numbers.

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Published by G. & C. Merriam, Springfield, Mass., and for sale by all Booksellers.

JUDGE COLE, recently appointed a justice of the Western District Court, presided at the term of said court holden at Alfred during the past week. His manly and dignified deportment secured for him a very general approval among the members of the bar, and all having business to transact there. He is gentle, amiable, patient, never restive—willing that the members of the bar should have a fair chance with the jury in presenting their cases fully to them. Unlike some judges we have in our mind who are ever desirous of showing their superiority by interrupting counsel, and anticipating what they intend to say. He calmly waits until a question is properly presented to him for decision—and then promptly and decidedly gives his opinion.

He bids fair to become one of our best judges—certain it is that no judge ever presided in the district court with more intelligence, impartiality, fairness and integrity. [Saco Demo.

SLAVE TRADING IN MASSACHUSETTS. The Boston Republican says that the Legislature of Massachusetts will this winter be called upon to suppress the slave trade in that State. The way this trade is carried on, is this, says the Republican:

"A southern trader wishes to purchase goods in Boston or Lawrence, on credit, and offers his note, with a mortgage on his slaves, as security. This is not unfrequently taken. A lumber dealer not long since, in this city, represented himself as having sold pine to a southerner, and secured himself in negroes. Again a Massachusetts manufacturer wishes to secure the cotton crop of a Mississippi planter. He advances cash three months in anticipation, and takes security on plantation and negroes. Here only one party to this transaction is in this Commonwealth. Must he therefore escape the penalty."

☞ The Worcester Telegraph, in an article upon the California "fever," gives the following excellent advice to young men:—

Young man, if you possess the means of obtaining a livelihood at home—and what man does not—do not be tempted away by the allurements of California. Stick close to your business—be prudent, be temperate, be industrious, and you will have gold—gold enough for all your necessities—and what more will a wise man desire? Do not forsake the enjoyments and tranquil pleasures of home—nor make haste to leave the social happiness and inestimable privileges which are the best blessings of existence. Believe us there are better things in the world than gold and precious substances. Abide with your friends—be useful in your day and generation—live the true life—and your reward will surely come.

EMIGRATION. The London correspondent of the N. Y. Journal of Commerce writes:

"Immense numbers of the British population still continue most restlessly anxious to cross the Atlantic, and it is expected that during the ensuing spring, emigration will increase to an unprecedented extent, and be altogether unequalled in point of diversity of character. Even if the prospective treasures of California did not (as they are now doing) allure thousands to the western world, the combined pressure of taxation and mortgages, absolutely obliges many important classes and communities to leave their native land, and seek relief in regions where they will have an ample and free sphere of action. Persons thus circumstanced, are daily taking their departure, not only from Ireland, where pestilence is superadded to famine, and social disorganization to both,—but also from England, whose trade and commerce are again rapidly reviving,—where order prevails, but where at the same time the fiscal burdens which are considered indispensable for the defence and maintenance of the national interest in the present convulsed state of Europe, are found to be much too heavy for public endurance."

DEFENCE OF ROMPS. Never, says the Chicago Journal, find fault with girls—young girls, in particular, if they are decided romps—but be thankful that they have the health and spirits necessary for romping. Better a romp than have a narrow chest and a hectic flush on the cheek. Better wild as a hawk than tame as a dove. Better pay the butcher and the shoemaker than the physician and the undertaker.

MURDER. We learn by a private letter from Oxford Co., that a man named Chase, just returned from Mexico, was murdered at Kezar Falls, Parsonfield, a few days since. The murderer had not been arrested, although suspicions are strong against a person belonging in the place. [Gospel Banner.

THE NEW TERRITORIES. If we mistake not, there has been quite a change in public sentiment at the North, within a short time, as to the expediency of passing the Wilmot proviso. Several papers, which before were silent, or advocated the Proviso, have come out decidedly in favor of referring the whole case to the people of the Territories, agreeably to Mr. Douglass' bill, now before the Senate; or, in other words, authorizing them to proceed, at once, to the adoption of State constitutions, with such provisions in regard to slavery as they may deem proper. If the question could be fairly presented before the people of the Northern States, we have no doubt that a large majority would support the reference; for, it would not only prevent the "extension of slavery," as it is called, but would do it in a manner satisfactory to the South, however much they might dislike the result. Only about three weeks remain before the present session of Congress closes. It would be a sad pity if this dangerous sore should be left to fester through another season. A little healthful legislation now, may prevent a world of mischief hereafter. [New York Journal of Commerce.

There is genuine good sense in this view of the slavery question, from a paper wholly unbiased by party views. We commend it to all as well worthy of consideration. [Pennsylvanian.

WONDERFUL, IF TRUE. Mr. Henry M. Paine of Worcester, Mass., informs the Scientific American that he has discovered a plan for generating light by "mechanical motion," from water and lime! Mr. Paine says:

"I have continued the experiments at intervals, and am now enabled to announce a successful result. I have produced a light equal in intensity to that of four thousand gas burners of the largest 'bat wing' pattern, with an apparatus occupying four square feet of room, at a cost of one mill per hour, the current of electricity being evolved by the action of machinery wound up with a common lock key, and the materials consumed are water and lime.

I am now engaged in making an apparatus for public exhibition, which will be completed this winter, and all its parts submitted to public inspection, except the interior of the generator. This apparatus I shall exhibit one year, at the termination of which I will make public the mechanism of the generator."

AGES OF OUR PUBLIC MEN.—Mr Clay is now seventy-one; Messrs. Calhoun, Van Buren, and Webster, sixty-seven; Mr. Calhoun is said to be rapidly failing, and has grown old fast during the last fifteen months; Mr. Webster's iron constitution stands the test of time better. Mr. Benton is sixty-three. Gen. Cass returns to the Senate at the age of sixty-six; Gen. Taylor is sixty-four. The correspondent of the N. Y. Evening Post says of him:—"Like the sons of Ishmael, or some other nomadic name in sacred writ, the General has "dwelt in tents" most of his life, and nobody can tell what effect house-life and feather beds will have upon him. However, dwellers in the white house have generally found a specific against effeminate indulgences and if the General does not sigh before his seventy first year for the flapping of his tent walls, the creaking of his canon stools, and the music of *reveille*, then Gen. Cass may congratulate him. He may have a very strong constitution, but it is nothing to the Constitution of the United States, which he will have to master."

There is now in existence an unpublished letter from Gen. Washington to Jos. Whipple, collector at Portsmouth, N. H., asking his aid in the recapture of a favorite slave of Mrs Washington. The rough draft of Mr. Whipple's answer, in his own handwriting, displays a sufficient lack of zeal in the undertaking. He thinks the woman could not be peaceably kidnapped, and concludes by hoping that slavery will soon be abolished throughout the country. Whether any further correspondence took place does not appear, but the woman was never molested, and died a few years ago in New Hampshire.

Mr. Atherton, who recently arrived from the gold region, delivered a lecture at New York on Friday evening. He speaks well of the climate and of the soil; declares that the gold in account have not been exaggerated; that "10,000 could not exhaust the supply in twenty years;" says beef, flour and clothing are cheap enough at San Francisco, though dear at the mines; advises people to take out houses with them, though he fears the consequence of having so many frame buildings, as, if one should take fire, they would all go; but does not advise any person to go to California, who can do well here.

A RARITY.—In a Taylor procession, last week at Lancaster, Penn, a young man, "solitary and alone"—brought up the rear with a banner on which was rudely painted, "I wants no office. Zach: and I'se the only one in this 'ere crowd can say so."

WHO IS HE? A man, says the Philadelphia Ledger, was found at Trenton the other day, mounted on a ladder with his lips pressed to the telegraph wires. He was kissing his wife in Philadelphia "by telegraph." It was found afterwards that he was a newly married man.

HORSE SKATES. A writer in the National Intelligencer mentions the invention of Horse Skates, by means of which, in the cold latitudes, an ordinary horse has been known to travel as much as an hundred miles in the short space of three hours without apparent fatigue. A model of the sayers of these marvelous skates, beds, bed in the Norwegian style, has been deposited in the Patent Office.

It is the gentleman who edits the Cincinnati Dispatch, that expresses the opinion that Gen. Taylor will be excessively *loved* about the time of his inauguration.

BRIGHTON MARKET,

[REPORTED FOR THE BOSTON JOURNAL.]

THURSDAY, FEB. 22.

At market 625 Beef Cattle, 9 pairs Working Oxen, 13 Cows and Calves, 2000 Sheep, 126 Swine.

PRICES—Beef Cattle—extra $7 00; first quality $6 75; second quality $6 50; third quality $6 00; fourth quality $5 75.

Working Oxen, $98, $100, $105.

Cows and Calves, $21, $30, $34.

Sheep—Sales at $2, $2 50, $3 00; we notice Sheep fed by Mr. Stephens, of Deerfield, driven by A. May, sold for $48 each.

Swine—5 1-2, 6 1-2. Retail 6 and 6.

CONSUMPTION PREVENTED!

That consumption, when once firmly fixed and seated, can be cured, we much doubt; but that it can be prevented, if the proper remedies are applied in season, we firmly believe. A slight cold, a gentle cough, a general derangement of the nervous system, which renders the individual sick or well—these are the symptoms which herald the approach of the fell destroyer. If these be attended to in season all may be well; but neglect them and they will be sure to sure to gain the mastery, and what was at first only trouble some and annoying, at last becomes alarming, and often fatal.

For incipient consumption, we know of no better remedy than WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY. It is soothing and healing in its nature, and is admirably adapted to allay and dissipate that annoying and distressing irritation which so much prevails at this season of the year, caused by colds, coughs, and chills, brought on by frequent and sudden changes in the weather. We know of several severe cases which have been radically cured by the use of this Balsam. Some two years since a friend of ours was suffering under what was thought to be confirmed consumption—a severe cough, night sweats, loss of appetite, &c. By the use of the use of the Balsam, he dispelled these alarming encroachments, and is now in the enjoyment of comparative good health.—[New England Washingtonian, Boston, November, 1847.

Those in want of this excellent article, can be supplied with the genuine, with the signature of I. BUTTS on the wrapper, at the Agents.

For sale by J. K. HAMMOND, Paris, and Ansel Field, South Paris; also by Druggists and Agents generally. 2w43

MARRIAGES.

In this town, on Wednesday evening last, by Rev C. B. Davis, Mr. Jairus K. Hammond to Miss Eliza Hooper, both of this town.

In Livermore, by Rev. R. Blacker, Benjamin F. Jones to Eunice S. Francis, of Turner.

In Waterford, by Daniel Chaplin, Esq., Mr. George W. Stone, of Waterford, to Miss Mary Ann Jordan, of Albany.

DEATHS.

In this town, on Sunday last, a child of Dea. Thos. Stevens.

In South Paris, on Tuesday last, very suddenly, Mr. Levi Stowell, son of the late Dea. Daniel Stowell, aged 31.

In Woodstock, 18th inst., Mrs. Lois Haley, 62.

Real Estate for Sale.

THE subscriber, having been duly authorized by the Judge of Probate within and for the County of Oxford, offers for sale the Real Estate of ZEBULON BRYANT, late of Greenwood in said County, deceased.

The property lies in the Easterly part of said town of Greenwood, on Young's Hill, so called, bounded on the South by land owned by Thomas Crocker, E.q., East by Paris Line, North by land owned by Charles Youngder, West by road leading through the Young neighborhood, so called, containing about one hundred thirty acres, with the buildings thereon, consisting of a House, Barn, and Woodshed. The Farm consists tillage, mowing, pasturage and woodland.

A very desirable opportunity is here offered for sale for investment, as the property must be sold. If not sold at private sale it will be sold at Auction.

Four Tons of Timothy and of good English Hay, on the premises belonging to the Widow of said deceased, will be sold at a bargain, if applied for soon.

For further particulars, apply to

ISAAC MANN, } Administrator
on said Estate.

Paris, Jan. 13, 1849. tf 37

HUNGARIAN BALSAM.

Dangerous Pleurisy Pains REMOVED.

I CHEERFULLY give my name in favor of Dr. Parker's Hungarian Balsam of Life. Last April my wife was attacked with a violent Cough, attended with a severe and most

DISTRESSING PAIN IN THE SIDE.

[illegible] Physician in Canton. I called on Dr. Warren of Canton, procured and then recommended this Balsam. I procured a bottle, and by the time it had been [illegible] of the bottle, she was COMPLETELY RELIEVED. Since then I have recommended the Balsam to my friends, many of whom have used it with like success.

JOHN LEWIS,
[illegible] Church in Otto, N. Y.

[illegible], 1848.

[illegible] Great English Remedy [illegible] of J. K. HAMMOND, the only [illegible]

Feb. 2, 1849. 4w40—DPEB

DR. WARREN'S

SARSAPARILLA, TOMATO, AND WILD CHERRY

PHYSICAL BITTERS,

ALL PUT UP IN ONE BOTTLE.

SARSAPARILLA, Tomato and Wild Cherry [illegible] are [illegible] a standard [illegible] prepared by [illegible] as a [illegible] Dr. Warren, of the [illegible] Medical Institute, Boston, Mass. [illegible] Sarsaparilla, Tomato and Wild Cherry Bitters, [illegible] Prepared only by DAVID P. BRADLEE & SON, No. 9 Washington St., Boston.

AGENTS—Paris, J. K. Hammond; Norway, Eddy and Noyes; Portland, I. Butts; and by Druggists in Maine and New Hampshire.

Aug. 15, 1848. 1y17

Notice.

THE Directors of the Maine Mutual Fire Insurance Company [illegible] which [illegible] Company [illegible] Gorham, or to [illegible]

Gorham, Feb. 1, 1849. 3w41

Notice.

THIS is to notify the public that I have given [illegible] WILLIAM PARLIN.

[illegible] WILLIAM PARLIN.

Paris, Feb. 6th, 1849. 3w41

Pure Lackawhen.

2000 FEET Pine Lumber, suitable for floors and Window Sash, for sale by W. L. GOODNOW.

Norway, Dec. 20, 1847. tf

FRANCIS BLAKE,

FARMERS HEAD QUARTERS,

Harrison, Me.,

—OFFERS FOR SALE—

2000 Bushels TURKS ISLAND SALT,
1000 " CADIZ do.
500 " LIVERPOOL do.
325 Bbls. T. Wyman FLOUR,
40 Hhds. MOLASSES—a prime article,
20 Boxes HAVANA BROWN SUGAR,
18 Bags COFFEE,
20 Chests TEA,
10 Bbls. MACKEREL,
75 Quintals Cod and Pollock FISH,
200 Casks ground PLASTER,
150 " New THOMASTON LIME,
80 " WAYMOUTH CUT NAILS,
200 Gall's LINSEED OIL,
50 Kegs WHITE LEAD, ground.

Together with the above may be found a large Stock of

DRY GOODS,

and other kinds too numerous to mention.

As this entire Stock of Goods was all freighted by water, it

Can and shall be Sold,

for Cash, or exchanged for all kinds of country produce and Lumber,

At Exceedingly Low Prices.

☞ Please call and examine for yourselves. ☜

Harrison, Jan. 25, 1849. 1s 3m 39

Window Sash!

3000 LIGHTS of WINDOW SASH, from 7 x 9 to 11 x 16, glazed and unglazed, for sale by E. B. HUMPHREY.

North Paris, Jan. 27, 1849. tf 39

Lumber!

2500 FEET of GUTTER STUFF, of extra clear Pine, for sale by E. B. HUMPHREY.

North Paris, Jan. 27, 1849. tf 39

Gold! Gold!

NOTWITHSTANDING the raging gold fever, and the great inducements to visit the bright burning sands of California, the subscriber has concluded to remain in Norway and continue the

Manufacturing of Carriages,

having made and sold during the past year more than Fifty Carriages, which, as far as he can learn, have given perfect satisfaction, feels confident that his old customers will not forget him, and that now ones will still continue to come as long as they can be made to know by their own observation, that they can get a better article and at a lower price than they can at any other establishment in the State; having the advantage of water power, to which he has attached most approved machinery of all kinds that can be used, for the purpose of doing the work better and quicker than it can otherwise be done. He also carries on all branches of the business, and has all of his work done by the day, thereby saving a profit usually paid to the Blacksmith, Painter and Trimmer, but pays them for their work only, consequently the purchaser has only to pay one profit, which is far better than to pay half a dozen profits which is often the case in purchasing a carriage. He intends to manufacture and keep on hand all kinds of carriages, such as

Carryalls, Phætons, Chaises, Rockaways, Buggies, Gigs. Common Wagons, &c.

Also, Pedlic, Express, and all kinds of Team Wagons made to order at the shortest possible notice, and warranted to give satisfaction, as he employs the most experienced workmen, and none but the best materials, he therefore feels safe in saying that if any work of his fails in consequence of bad materials, or not being faithfully done, he will make it good.

Feeling grateful for the very liberal patronage he has heretofore received, he very respectfully solicits its continuance, and to those who have never yet given him a call, he would say, call and examine for yourselves, before purchasing elsewhere.

C. P. KIMBALL.

N. B.—Particular attention given to repairing and painting carriages, and he will keep on hand and for sale, Axles, Elliptic Springs, Brass Bands, and all kinds of Carriage Trimmings.

Norway Village, Feb. 6, 1849. 3m40

STEPHEN EMERY,

COUNSELLOR AND

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

HAS returned to his former Office over the Probate office, where he may be found at all business hours.

The business intrusted to the late co-partnership of STEPHEN EMERY & SON are requested to call and make a settlement.

Paris, Dec. 4, 1848. tf 31

WM. M. CUSHMAN,

DEALER IN

Watches, Jewelry & Fancy Goods,

11 NORWAY VILLAGE, Me.

IRON FOUNDRY,

AND

STOVE WORKS,

STEEP FALLS, NORWAY, MAINE,

BROWN & Co., PROPRIETORS.

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE.

NOTICE is hereby given to all whom it may concern, that I, Hannah Jewett Jones Bradbury of Minot in the County of Cumberland and State of Maine, by deed of mortgage, dated the twenty-fifth day of August, A. D. 1842, and recorded in the Registry of Deeds for the County of Oxford in the Book 55, page 50, a certain piece or parcel of land situated in Norway in said County of Oxford, being part of lot numbered thirty-five in said town of Norway, being the same premises conveyed to me by Calvin L. Herrin and Angeline Herrin, of said Norway, on the twentieth day of August, A. D. 1842, as will appear by the record of the deed aforesaid; and to which record reference may be had for a more particular description of the premises. Now I, the undersigned, for the reason that the condition of said mortgage has been broken, claim to foreclose the mortgage aforesaid, and this notice is given for the purpose of foreclosing the same agreeably to the provisions of the Statute in that case made and provided. JOANNA BRADBURY.

March, Feb. 24, 1849. cw41 3t p5

Sheriff's Sale.

OXFORD, ss.—Feb. 7, 1849.

TAKEN on Execution and will be sold at public Vendue to the highest bidder, at the Inn of Wadsworth Cumbs, in Livermore in said County, on Saturday, the seventeenth day of March next, at one o'clock in the afternoon, all the right in equity of redemption that

DANIEL W. LUDDEN

had the 21st day of February, 1849, and also all the right in law or in equity that he had on said day to [illegible] and [illegible] thereon, where Samuel Hobbs now lives at Livermore Meeting House, so called. The same premises being under mortgage to Lewis C. Swett, dated Aug. 7, 1848, one for $250 to run two years from date, and one for $100 to run one year from date, all recorded in Oxford Registry, Book 70, Page 268, to the United States, and [illegible] have turned deed for a more particular description of the premises.

[p31] I. P. PUMPILLY, Dep't. Sheriff.

Commissioners' Notice.

WE, the undersigned, having been appointed by the Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, to receive and examine the claims of the creditors of

JONATHAN HOLMAN,

late of Dixfield in said County, deceased, whose estate has been represented insolvent, hereby give notice that six months, commencing on the second day of January, A. D. 1849, are allowed to said creditors to bring in and prove their claims; and that we will attend to the service assigned us at the dwelling house of John J. Holman, Esq., in said Dixfield, on the first and last Saturdays of June next, from two to four o'clock P. M. on each day.

JOHN J. HOLMAN,
ISAAC RANDALL.

Dixfield, Jan. 24, 1849. 42

County of Oxford in account with Nathan M. Marble, Treasurer.

EXPENDITURES.

1848, Jan. 1st—To cash paid on Orders drawn prior to 1848,		$1,462 92
do. to Commissioners for setting off public lands,		1,456 58
do. Jury bills,	1,300 85	
do. Constables bills,	100 50	
do. Job Prince, Judge of Probate,	200 00	
do. Geo. K. Shaw, Reg. of Probate,	350 00	
do. N. M. Marble, Treasurer,	175 00	
do. S. J. Court orders,	148 60	
do. W. D. Court orders,	493 85	
do. C. C. Court orders,	802 00	
do. County Commissioners bills,	1,568 01	
do. Road damage,	1,372 05	
do. Repairing Court House,	859 69	
do. Jailer's bills,	815 27	
do. Interest on hired money,	24 25	
do. Postage,	1 50	
do. J. G. Burns, bounty for killing Bear,	2 00	
	$7,523 57—7,523 57	
Outstanding Orders,	114 03	
Expenses of the County for the year 1848,	$7,637 60	
		$10,463 07

1849, Jan. 1—Am't of outstanding orders,	$114 03
To amount of Cash hired,	776 00
To amount due on School Fund,	80 75
To amount due Law Library,	284 00
	$1,203 18

RECEIPTS.

1848, Jan.—Cash in the Treasury,	$2,439 85
Cash received of State Treasurer,	546 31
Cash as duties on Pedler's Licenses,	58 00
do do on Commissions of Justices of the Peace,	20 00
Admission Fee of D. P. Stowell, to practice Law,	20 00
Cash for Fines, State v. individuals,	76 12
do do do Towns,	38 70
Cash for Jury Fees,	35 00
Cash of A. Shurtleff, Jr., damage to Jail,	7 50
Cash on County Tax,	6,614 20
Cash hired,	775 00
	$10,630 68
To Cash paid out,	10,463 07
1849, Jan. 1—Balance to new account,	$67 61
County Tax due from towns,	1,949 15
	2,016 76
Amount due from the County of Oxford,	1,203 18
Jan. 1, 1849—Available funds,	$812 98

NATHAN M. MARBLE, Treasurer
40 of Oxford County.

OXFORD NORMAL INSTITUTE.

THE FOURTH SESSION of this School will commence on Monday, the 5th day of March next, and continue eleven weeks.

TUITION.

English Branches,	$1 50, $3 00 or $4 00	
Languages,		4 50
Surveying, &c.	(extra)	2 00
Penmanship,	"	1 00
Vocal Music,	"	1 00
Drawing,	"	2 00
Music—Piano Forte,	"	5 00
Use of Instrument,	"	2 00

BOARD in families for males, $1 25; for females, $1 00 to $1 25 per week.

TEACHERS.

E. P. HINDS, Principal.
Miss HARRIETT B. LUNT, Assistant.
Miss ZILPAH W. BARKER, Assistant.
Miss FRANCES WADSWORTH, Teacher of Music and Drawing.
ARTEMAS L. HERSEY, Teacher of Vocal Music.
WILLIAM A. RUST, M.D. Lecturer on Physiology.

For particulars, enquire of Hon. Stephen Emery, President of Board of Trustees, or of the Principal.

South Paris, 20th Jan. 1849. 39

Norway Liberal Institute.

THE SPRING TERM of this Institution will commence on MONDAY, the 5th day of March next, and continue *eleven weeks.*

TEACHERS.

J. G. EVELETH, A. B., } PRINCIPALS.
W. M. HATCH, A. B., }
I. H. BAKER, Teacher of Penmanship.
Miss M. A. COLE, Teacher of Music.
Miss A. N. DEERING, } Teacher of Drawing and Painting.

TUITION.

Common English, $3.00 per term.
Higher English, and Languages, 4.00 " "
BOARD in families, for males $1.25 to $1.50 per week; for females, $1.00 to $1.25.

Norway, Feb. 1, 1849. H. G. COLE, *President.* 6w40

Hebron Academy.

THE SPRING TERM of Hebron Academy will commence on Wednesday, March 5th, and continue twelve weeks, under the instruction of

GEORGE G. FAIRBANKS, A. B., PRINCIPAL,

Mrs. CAROLINE M. FAIRBANKS, PRECEPTRESS, and such Assistants as the interest of the school may demand.

Instruction will be given as usual in all branches usually taught in Academies.

Lectures will be given *weekly* on scientific and literary subjects, with numerous illustrations.

Tuition—Per Term, $2 40
Per week, 25
Drawing, 1 50 extra.
Painting, 2 00 "

Books and stationery furnished at Portland prices. Board from $1,00 to $1,50 per week. Rooms at cheap rent furnished for those who choose to board themselves. JOS. BARROWS, Sec'y.

Hebron, Feb. 1, 1849. 40

ISAIAH KNIGHT,

DEALER IN

Stoves, and Manufacturer of Tin, Copper and Sheet Iron Ware, SOUTH PARIS, ME.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT of STOVES, FUNNEL, and WARE, of the most perfect manufacture, and WARRANTED, constantly kept on hand, which will be sold as *low* as can be purchased elsewhere.

☞ Any pattern of Stove not on hand when called for, will be obtained by first team, if desired.

April 11, 1848. tf 49

At Auction.

WILL be sold, for Cash, the SHOP and MILL PRIVILEGE situate in Waterford, Lower Village, formerly occupied by Nathan Jewell Jr., on saturday, the fourteenth day of April next, at two o'clock P. M. to the highest bidder.

The premises to be sold consist of a small piece of land, a large and commodious Blacksmith's Shop, and a never-failing water power sufficient for any ordinary mechanical purpose. The proposed sale offers a rare chance to a good mechanic.

SIDNEY THANTER, Auctioneer.
By L. GERRY, Atty.

Waterford, Jan. 27, 1849. 40

POETRY.

A NEW GOLD SONG.

Air—"*Yankee Doodle.*"

"What is here?
Gold?—yellow, glittering, precious Gold?"
Timon of Athens.

Now's the time to change your clime,
Give up work and tasking;
All who choose be rich as Jews,
Even without asking.
California's precious earth
Turns the new world frantic;
Sell your traps, and take a berth,
Across the wild Atlantic.
Every one who digs and delves,
All whose arms are brawny,
Take a pick and help yourselves—
Off to California.

Yankee doodle all agog,
With the golden mania,
Debts no longer prove a clog—
Happy Pennsylvania!
Those who about stocks and loans
Kicked up such an old dust,
Live to see the very stones
Come down with the gold dust.
Every one who digs and delves,
Join the Indians tawny;
Take a pick and help yourselves,
In happy California.

Shakspeare, of undying fame,
Whom they're going to play so,
Gave to gold a naughty name,
Or made Timon say so.
And the mob their true lands leave,
Corn, and canes, and 'taters,'
To appear, least it deceive,
As Californiators.
Every one who digs and delves,
Wear your hands quite horny,
Take a pick and help yourselves—
Off to California.

Gold is got in pan and pot,
Soup-tureen or ladle,
Basket, birdcage, and what not,
Even to a cradle!
El Dorado's found at last,
Turba sed rivorum,
Loose their dazzled heads as fast,
As Raleigh did before 'em.
Choose your able-bodied men,
Navvies bold and brawny;
Give them picks and spades, and then
Off to Californy.

How this flush of gold will end
We have statements ample;
Perhaps a few sacks they will send,
Only for a sample.
But we hope this golden move
Really is all true, sirs,
Else will yankee doodle prove
A Yankee doodle *doo*, sirs.
Every one who digs or delves,
Stout, and tough, and brawny,
Buy a pick and help yourselves—
Off to Californy.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AGRICULTURAL CHEMISTRY.

No manure can be taken up by the roots of plants, unless water is present; and water or its elements exist in all the products of vegetation. The germination of seeds does not take place without the presence of air or oxygen gas.

Plants are found by analysis to consists principally of charcoal and aeriform matter. They give out by distillation volatile compounds, the elements of which are pure air, coally matter, inflammable air, and azote, or the elastic substance which forms a part of the atmosphere, and which is capable of supporting combustion.—These elements they gain either by there leaves from the air, or by their roots from the soil.

All manures from organized substances contain the principles of vegetable matter, which, during putrefaction, are rendered either soluble in water or aeriform; and in these states, they are capable of being assimilated to the vegetable organs. No one principle affords the pabulum of vegetable life; it is neither charcoal nor hydrogen, nor azote, nor oxygen, alone, but all of them together, in various states and various combinations.

Plants require only a certain quantity of manure, and excess may be detrimental, and cannot be useful.

Slacked lime was used by the Romans for manuring the soil in which fruit-trees grew.—This we are informed by Pliny.

Nothing is more wanting to agriculture than experiments in which all the circumstances are minutely and scientifically detailed. This art will advance with rapidity in proportion as it becomes exact in its methods.

Discoveries made in the cultivation of the earth are not merely for the time and country in which they are developed, but they may be considered as extending to future ages, and as ultimately tending to benefit the human race; as affording subsistence for generations yet to come; as multiplying life, but likewise providing for its enjoyment.

Potatoes in general afford from one fifth to one seventh of their weight of dry starch.

One fourth part of the weight of the potato, at least, may be considered as nutritive matter.

The principal consumption of the carbonic acid in the atmosphere, seems to be in affording nourishment to plants; and some of them appear to be supplied with carbon chiefly from this source. Carbonic acid gas is formed during fermentation, combustion, putrefaction, and a number of operations taking place upon the surface of the earth; and there is no other process known in nature by which it can be destroyed but by vegetation.

It is usual to carry straw, that can be employed for no other purpose, to the dunghill, to ferment and decompose: but it is worth experiment, whether it may not be more economically applied when chopped small by a proper machine, and kept dry until it is ploughed in for the use of a crop. In this case, though it would decompose much more slowly, and produce less effect at first, yet its influence would be much more lasting.

Manures from animal substances in general require no *chemical* preparation to fit them for the soil. The great object of the farmer is to blend them with earthy constituents in a proper state of division, and to prevent their too rapid decomposition.—Selected.

Spare minutes are the gold dust of time: and Young was writing a true, as well as a striking line, when he affirmed that, "Sands made the mountain, and moments made the year." Of all the portions of our life, the spare minutes are the most faithful in good or evil. They are gaps through which temptations find the easiest access to the garden.

CHOOSING A HORSE.

There is much pleasure and profit in the service of a good horse, but very little of either in a bad one. There are many mean horses that make a good appearance when taken from the hands of a jockey. In purchasing a horse, then, trust not to the seller's words; let your own judgment, or that of a friend, be chiefly relied on. See that he has good fore feet and joints, and that he stands well on his legs. See that his fore teeth shut even; for many horses have the under jaw the shortest; these will grow poor at grass. See that his hair is short and fine; for this denotes a good horse. Observe his eyes, that they are clear and free from blemish—that he is not moon-eyed or white-eyed; for such are apt to start in the night. A large, hazel-colored eye is the best.

Look at his knee; see that the hair or skin is not broke, for this denotes a stumbler. Take care that his wind is good; for a trial of this, let him be fed on good hay for twenty-four hours, take him to water, and let him drink his fill, placing him with his head the lowest; if then he will breathe free, there is no danger. See that his countenance is bright and cheerful; this is an excellent mirror to discover his goodness in. If his nostrils are broad, it is a sign that he is well winded; norrow nostrils, the contrary.

See that his spirits are good, but that he is gentle and easily governed; not inclined to start. In travelling, mind that he lifts his feet neither too high nor too low; that he does not interfere or overreach, and that he carries his hind legs the widest. See that he is well-ribbed back, and not high-boned. The size may be determined by the purchaser. Age from five to ten is the best. There are many tricks practised by jockeys to make horses appear young, but it is not consistent with the size of my book to detect them; all I would say is, that horse's teeth, when young, are wide, white, and even; the inside of their mouths is fleshy, and their lips hard and firm. On the contrary, the mouth of an old horse is lean above and below; the lips are soft and easily turned up; their teeth grow longer, narrower, and of a yellow color.—Selected.

Exercise in the Open Air.—Moderate exercise in the open air, for the purpose of assisting the various secretions, is another essential requisite for the production and maintenance of good health. None can neglect this rule with impunity; but a sedentary life is certainly not so detrimental to those who live on vegetable diet. Unless sufficient oxygen be supplied to the lungs by daily exercise in the open air, the products of decomposition will fail to be removed in sufficient quantity for the maintenance of a healthy state: and the assimilation of new matter is impeded. Without exercise, also, the contractile power of the heart and large arteries is feebly exerted; and though sufficient to carry the blood to the ultimate tissue, it is nevertheless not strong enough to carry it through with the rapidity necessary for health. The ultimate tissue being thus filled faster than it is emptied, congestion takes place in those delicate and important vessels which compose it, as well as in the large veins, the office of which is to convey the blood from the tissue to the heart. One of the chief conditions of the body, in that general ill state of health usually denominated "indigestion," is congestion of the blood in the ultimate tissue of our organs—the brain, the lungs, the spinal marrow, the stomach, ganglionic system, the liver, bowels, and all the organs concerned in the nutrition of the body. When the system, therefore, undebilitated by disease, will admit a good supply of oxygen by muscular exercise, it is the best means of diminishing the amount of venous blood, and (in conjunction with a legitimate supply of proper food) of increasing the amount of arterial blood; and in proportion at the latter preponderates over the former, shall we possess health and muscular strength, as well as elasticity of mind.—Smith's Fruits and Farinacea.

Manufacture of Glass.—A correspondent of the Christian Mirror gives the following account of the manufacture of tumblers:—

As the manufacture of the pressed glass tumblers may not have been witnessed by many of your readers, I will describe it in a few words. In the first place, they have a brass mould, consisting of a solid mass, about as large over as a half-peck measure, containing a hollow in it, exactly in the form of the tumbler to be made, with a follower of brass, of the same form, but so much smaller as to fit the inside of the tumbler. When the two parts of the mould are put together, the space between them is the exact thickness of the vessel required.

In the process of manufacturing, three men and two boys are required. The first thing done, is for one of the men to dip an iron rod in the melting glass, and move it about till he has a sufficient quantity of the fluid mass on the end of his rod; he then holds it over the hollow of the mould, and with a pair of shears cuts off what he judges to be just enough to constitute the tumbler. Instantly the other man brings down the follower with level power, and the melted glass is so compressed as to fill the cavity of the mould. He then turns his mould bottom up, with a little blow, and the tumbler drops red hot upon a stone table. One of the boys, with an iron rod having a little melted glass on its end, presses it on the bottom of the tumbler, and it slightly adheres. He then holds it in the mouth of a glowing furnace, turning it rapidly, till it is almost in a melting state, when the third man takes it, and, whirling the rod and tumbler on a sort of arm of a chair, he holds a smooth iron tool against the edge of the tumbler till all the roughness is removed from its edges, when a boy takes the rod from him, and by a slight stroke to the end of it, drops the tumbler, and places it in a hot oven, to cool gradually. These five hands will make a beautiful tumbler in about forty seconds, or about one hundred in an hour.

Jack Bunsby in California.—The following hit is from the New York Sunday News.

Being asked what he thought of the gold panic, Bunsby crossed his legs, took a whiff and said, "If so be as how gold can be got in California for digging, why good; the only question would be, to dig or not to dig. And so, but then, do ye see, a man must do something else beside digging. He must eat, drink, sleep, and be clothed withal—and if all the people turn gold diggers, who shall perform all the other kind of work? Now, if so be, a man should did gold, and fill his pockets, why so? And, if so be, another man should dig praties, and fill a tin kettle, and put it over a fire, in unison with some wild kids and a few yarbs, and the man who had been digging the gold should come and say, give me some of that 'ere mess, why, so, also. Now, what would the pratie-digger say? How much gold have you dug? Oh, says the gold digger, I have had great luck to-day, but I am very hungry. Good, says the pratie-digger; give me two-thirds of your gold, and you shall dine with me. Why, you inhospitable fellow, do you want to rob! No, says the pratie-digger, but go and eat your gold. I'll eat my dinner alone, and save what is left until to-morrow and then I can go and dig gold, and you can dig praties for yourself. Now, says Bunsby, the pratie-digger would be the best off, for the other could not wait until the morrow for a dinner, and it's therefore my opinion that digging praties may be under some circumstances more profitable than digging gold, and my name 's Jack Bunsby."

Draining low lands will contribute to promote health and profit. Generally speaking, our wet and marshy lands are the richest in organic matters, and become the most profitable to the owner, when thoroughly drained.—Buel's Far. Com.

CONSUMPTION CURED!

BUCHAN'S

Hungarian Balsam

OF LIFE.

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY FOR

COLDS, COUGHS, ASTHMA, AND CONSUMPTION!

BUCHAN'S HUNGARIAN BALSAM, the Great English Remedy for Pectoral and Pulmonary diseases, still stands unrivalled and unsurpassed as the most effectual, agreeable, and efficacious curative of these formidable complaints, now known to the civilized world.

Three years trial in the United States, during which almost has been distributed from Maine to Florida, has only served to establish its unprecedented merit in all parts of the country, as the great and

ONLY RELIABLE REMEDY

in the worst cases of Pulmonary disease; and the best and most agreeable curative of all slight forms of colds, cough and inflammation, that can possibly be used.

SPITTING OF BLOOD!

This frightful symptom of approaching Consumption, is speedily checked and prevented by the use of Buchan's Hungarian Balsam, which heals the affected membrane, removes the accompanying tubercles, and restores those vital organs, the lungs, to a sound and healthy condition.

REMEMBER THIS:

Spitting of Blood always arises from a tendency to Pulmonary disease, and if not checked, at the outset, will sooner or later determine to death. Any person who raises blood once, will most likely again unless a proper curative is immediately employed

PAIN IN THE SIDE!

This distressing symptom of Consumption arises from inflammation of the Lungs, or the Membrane called the Pleura, and is the second affection of the air-passages. It [illegible] indication of [illegible] town. The [illegible] of at once [illegible] by [illegible] Buchan's Hungarian Balsam of Life, which will [illegible] CURATIVE. If you have [illegible] extend, be taken in time.

[illegible] Agents—L. K. Hammond, Portland; E. [illegible] Wm. Gower & Portland; [illegible] Sold, Portland; H. Hanson, [illegible] Wm. Cobb, Portland; H. Hanson, [illegible] generally throughout New England.

1y35

BE WISE TO-DAY!

[illegible] Consumptive [illegible] ally [illegible] ordinary [illegible] gan in [illegible] ANTIDOTE, and [illegible] CURATIVE. If you have [illegible] extend, be taken in time.

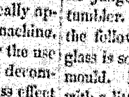
[illegible] Agents—L. K. Hammond, Portland; E. [illegible] Wm. Gower & Portland; [illegible] Sold, Portland; H. Hanson, [illegible] Wm. Cobb, Portland; H. Hanson, [illegible] generally throughout New England.

1y35

Buckfield Branch Rail Road.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the President and Directors of the [illegible] Rail Road Company have [illegible] Washington Locks, [illegible] Buckfield, Feb. 5, 1849. 6?

Farm for Sale.



Farm for sale situated [illegible] North Paris, [illegible] Washington [illegible] of March next.

NEW STORE & NEW FALL & WINTER GOODS.

A. C. DENISON & C. P. TRUE

HAVING FORMED A CONNECTION IN BUSINESS UNDER THE FIRM OF

DENISON & TRUE,

AND having made large additions to their Store the past Summer, making it now the largest Store in the County, are now receiving from Portland, Boston, and New York

A Large and General Assortment of Goods,

adapted to the country trade, which, in consequence of their facilities for purchasing,

CAN AND WILL BE SOLD LOW;

and they would respectfully invite new and especially their old customers to call and examine their Stock of Goods, as we can and will sell at prices that shall satisfy. We intend to keep every article usually kept in a Variety Store, among which may be found

Blue, Black, Brown and Gold Mixed BROAD CLOTHS; Beaver and other thick Cloths for Overcoats
Fancy and Black Cassimeres and Doe Skins; Steel Mixed, Grey, and Blue Satinetts;
Vestings, of all qualities and styles.—Prints Patches.

DRESS and CLOAK GOODS, such as Cobourgs, Lustres, Lyonese, Alpaccas, Madama Stripes, M. deLaines
Ginghams, &c. &c. Also,

Brown and Bleached Sheetings, of all qualities; Tickings; Ratting; Bed White, and Orange Flannels.
Gloves; Laces; Edgings, and White Goods of all kinds.

Hats, Caps, Buffaloes, Muffs, Feathers.

A Great Variety of ROOM PAPERS and CARPETINGS. Also—A Splendid Assortment of

Crockery Ware and Looking Glasses; Hard Ware;

W. I. Goods and Groceries, Corn, Flour, Nails, Glass, Iron, Steel,

BOOTS, SHOES AND LEATHER,

RUBBER OVERSHOES, all kinds.

WRITING AND WRAPPING PAPER.

LAMP AND LINSEED OILS, PAINTS, GROUND LEAD, ETC.

WANTED,

10,000 Bushels of OATS; 2000 do. BEANS; 200 do. RYE;
20 Tons of APPLE; 10,000 Pounds of WOOL;
50 Tons of RAGS delivered at Paper Mill at Steep Falls, or at their Store;
20 Tons ROUND HOGS in two or three weeks.

For which Cash in part will be paid, if wanted.

DENISON & TRUE.

Norway Village, Oct. 21, 1848. tf 25

PREPARE FOR WINTER!!

PETER C. FROST,

Fashionable Tailor,

Norway Village,

RESPECTFULLY tenders his thanks to friends and customers for their patronage heretofore, and would inform them that he may still be found at the old Stand, over the Store of A. C. Denison, where he is ready to attend to all their wants in the CLOTHING LINE, with promptness and a degree that cannot fail to be satisfactory. He employs none but experienced and faithful help, and warrants all work done in this establishment to be finished in the best style, and at short notice.

He has just received from Boston and N. York the

Fall and Winter Fashions,

and will furnish any style of garment his customers may require.

A good Assortment of Broad cloths, Cassimeres, Doeskins, Satins, Vestings, and a good variety of Clothing and Gentlemens' Furnishings, of good quality and adapted to the times, [illegible] and ready on hand.

CUTTING done to order at short notice.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY, Four or five Apprentice Lads.

Oct. 14, 1848. tf 23

Fashionable Millinery.

MRS. H. W. GOODNOW,

RESPECTFULLY informs her old customers and the public generally, that she has just received a good assortment of fashionable

STRAW, SILK, MOURNING, & FANCY

BONNETS,

—ALSO—

CAPS, RIBBONS, LACES, ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS, &c. &c.

Orders from a distance, as usual, punctually attended to.

Norway Village, June 1, 1848. tf 6

PRESSEY & BARROWS,

MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN

Furniture, Chairs, &c.,

8 NORWAY VILLAGE, Me.

NEWELL & NIEBUHR,

DEALERS IN

BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS,

AT WHOLESALE,

Corner of Middle and Free Streets

(Between Brown's and Lancaster's Hotels,)

Portland.

Sept. 15, 1847. tf 20

T. H. KELLEY,

BAKER,

NORWAY VILLAGE,

HAS just rec'd a new and good assortment of Goods, which he will sell at the lowest prices for Cash.

Wanted Immediately,

Three or four Ladies to [illegible] work.

Norway, Dec. 8, 1848. 3w52

E. W. CLARK,

DEPUTY SHERIFF,

PARIS, OXFORD COUNTY, MAINE.

All [illegible] communications by Mail or otherwise, will receive prompt attention.

Apr. 1, 1848. tf 50

Sheet Zinc & Lead

FOR sale at the Old Stand of

WM. T. GOODNOW.

Norway Village, Oct. 12, 1847. tf 21

BLANK.

A Prime Assortment of Blanks, printed [illegible]

B. WALTON.

Paris Hill, [illegible] 24, 1849. tf

Stoves! Stoves!!

THE subscriber, Agent for the manufacturers, [illegible] a general assortment of

Cooking, Air-Tight and Box Stoves and Fire Frames,

[illegible] WM. E. GOODNOW.

Norway, Oct. 23, 1848. tf 22

C. W. WALTON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

MEXICO, MAINE.

F. TAFF,

WOULD respectfully inform the people of [illegible] vicinity and the public generally, that he has opened a

TAILOR'S SHOP

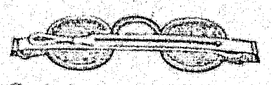
on Paris Hill, recently occupied by the Baptist Church, where he will be [illegible] fashionable garments according to the present style of fashion, or to suit the [illegible] customers.

A share of public patronage is solicited.

Several Journeymen wanted immediately.

Paris, Dec. 22, 1848. 3w 54

SPECTACLES



A Good Assortment of Spectacles for persons of all ages may be found at the Store of the subscriber. Call and see.

Paris Hill, March 22, 1847. B. WALTON. tf40

SAMUEL F. RAWSON,

Deputy Sheriff, & Coroner,

FOR OXFORD COUNTY.

Residence, Mechanic Falls, Cumberland Co.

All [illegible] to Mail, or otherwise promptly attended to.—Dec. 14, 1848. tf41

SCHOOL BOOKS.

GRAMMARS, Geographies, Arithmetics, Readers, and all other books commonly used in Schools, for sale by B. WALTON.

Paris Hill, Dec. 29, 1848. 3t 1f

CHILD BIRTH.

A VALUABLE SCIENTIFIC WORK upon the subject of Gestation and Child-Birth, by R. M. Weisselhoff, M. D., late of Paris, [illegible]

[illegible] contains [illegible] upon subjects of [illegible] value to married persons, or those contemplating marriage. It would be impossible [illegible] the many things it contains that [illegible] the number of pages [illegible] with matter, generally devoted [illegible] work, many pages may well be [illegible] to unfold the numerous [illegible] which thousands attempt to accomplish by the most unnatural and reprehensible means. The object is by no means new to the world. The means will be received by all scientific, right minded and sensible people as a discovery in physiology of the highest consequence to public morals and happiness.

[illegible]

Sept. 19, 1848. 3m1y

BLANKS! BLANKS!

A PRIME [illegible] of Blanks, printed [illegible]

[illegible]

Paris Hill, Dec. 27, 1848. tf

List of Letters

REMAINING in the Post Office at Paris, Me., December 31, 1848.

[illegible]

Allen Jerusa—Allen Rev A—Bent O W—Cummings [illegible]—Dennis Miss H—Dunham [illegible]—Dunham D A W—Foss [illegible]—Hall [illegible]—Hall Miss Eliza—Hall [illegible]—Hall Miss Mary—Hall Miss Sarah—Hall Miss S—Hall Miss [illegible]—Hall Miss [illegible]—Hall Miss [illegible]